and so it's used to store these things,” touching with his foot one of the heaps of cannon-balls carefully assorted and piled up in every direction. Even the pulpits, from which should have been hurled the thunders of the law, were filled with these voiceless reminders of a hidden and awful voice. “No good now,” said the old man, again kicking a ball; “these were made for old-fashioned guns.” Why should one regret that all this shot was useless; what cruel impulses lie dormant within us! But the American feels a faint regret at this announcement as the old Jack pops back into his arch, and she leaves the beautifully proportioned church, with all its exquisite stone-carvings, and the wide circle at the top through which, year after year, the stars look down at the great empty spaces, and the cannon-balls, with grasses and weeds springing up between them, and——no, not at poor old Jack; let us imagine that he goes home nights. A little longer walk up, still up, and the Feira da Ladra begins to dawn upon us. Such a Feira, to be sure! Rags to the right of you, rags to the left of you!

Imagine a small square on the top of a hill with streets descending from it in every direction, and around this square and on the opposite sides, and drifting down these streets until they seem to fade out from very poverty of material, are men and women squatted on the ground behind their wares. “Such stuff! such trash!” cries the American, looking around her in utter surprise. “Yes; but I know a lady who used to find bits of beautiful old lace here years ago,” replies her English friend. Possible! Years ago it must have been. What has this woman, so complacently regarding us, to offer? A bundle of old boot-soles, much worn, of every possible size, carefully tied together; three tooth-brushes (one with no bristles), several bottles of different colors, a heap of dirty rags, a few rolls of hair just as knotted up from the comb, and some umbrella sticks.

Beyond her a man presides over two old chairs and a hair trunk,—very much trunk and very little hair; indeed, it might truly be said to be quite bald.

But here is something better. Underclothes neatly done up, piles of skirts, a pillow-case very ornate, and two young women are pulling them over with great gusto. And here again—vests and trousers, an old military coat, and a telescope. “Take your choice! Ladies and gentlemen, come and try your fate!” cries a shrill voice just beyond us; “take a sorte!” The owner of the voice is a young woman with a great pallid face encircled by a yellow handkerchief. She has a companion in a similar state as regards pallor and handkerchief, but an old hat surmounting the latter proclaims him a lord of creation. Between them are two small canaries in a battered cage. One is too feeble to even look around; but the other mite, though quite as much in need of a covering for her tiny, half-feathered head as her owners, hops briskly back and forward with the red and yellow billets in her beak. “Donna Katrina is sick to-day,” cries the woman, “but Donna Maria is well and lively. Step up and see if your repariga (girl) likes you, or has gone off with another fellow. Donna Maria will tell you. See, she is nearly bald, and wants to gain a penny to buy herself a handkerchief!” At this sally the crowd, easily amused, laughs loudly, and gives way with admiring glances to a tall, well-made woman with cheeks painted very red, who steps smilingly up to know her fate at the beak of Donna Maria. Poor little Donna Maria! one wishes to give you liberty as well as a handkerchief! At this sally the crowd, easily amused, laughs loudly, and gives way with admiring glances to a tall, well-made woman with cheeks painted very red, who steps smilingly up to know her fate at the beak of Donna Maria. Poor little Donna Maria! one wishes to give you liberty as well as a handkerchief! But let us explore this stand, quite ambitious in appearance, covered with old Japanese jars, teapots, worn-out silver-plated candlesticks, very big and glaring cups and saucers, old metal handles,—odds and ends without end, and presided over by two men standing, be it understood, godfather and godson, as they proclaim themselves.

The godson is a timid soul, afraid to do anything without calling loudly upon his padrinho